

## ADDRESS

To the Right Honourable

Sir William Ashurst,

*Upon His Election to the Mayoralty of London.**5. Octob. 1693.*

**W**hen to Wreath'd Heads we hearty Homage pay,  
 'Tis only when we Love where we Obey:  
 'Tis by that kind Advance, her Heart secur'd,  
 You mount *Augusta's* dear Commanding Lord.

Nor can You nobler mount. Lov'd! did I say!  
 So the Great *WILLIAM* holds th' Imperial Sway.  
 As He His *Scepter*, You'll Your *Fasces* bear:  
 And Copying from Original so fair,  
 What Lustre Your proud Dignity must crown,  
 To make the *Chair* a Copy from the *Throne*?  
 So fair a Trust, lodg'd in that Worthy Hand,  
 A Goodness that shall Lead more than Command,  
 How high her Head shall cherish Virtue hold,  
 And Industry shall spin a Thred of Gold?  
 Whilst such True Worth the *Prætor's* Robe shall wear;  
 Betwixt the Joys shall wait You to the *Chair*,  
 And th' universal Prayers shall leave You there;  
 In Your High Seat, we will not only Sing  
 The Honour that You meet, but That You bring.

Yes, Sir, the long attesting World has found  
 An ample Proof of Virtue to renown'd:  
 For, in its Height, when *Arbitrary* Sway  
 The Proud Ascendant held, and rul'd the Day:  
 'Mongst Thousand truckling Necks, each couching Slave,  
 Undaunted *Ashurst* still more nobly Brave  
 To th' uplift Idol (Oh! the Sordid Thought)  
 Nor Bending Kneæ, nor Playing Timbrell brought.

The

The common Popular Cry, that Noisie Crowd,  
Whose Talent's to think little, and talk loud,  
Can make an *Abdicated Foe* their Mark;  
( So ev'ry little Village Curr can bark : )  
The Bolder *Ashurst* better knew to dare  
The baying Lyon, than the flying Hare.  
Give me that Rooted Truth, Patriots so kind,  
As not to shake at every threatning Wind;  
Whom nor Court-Blasts, nor low'ring Frowns controul :  
For Constancy is Virtue's Life and Soul.  
So the fair Lawrel bears her Head above  
The sapless Trunks of *Autumn's* naked Grove;  
With Her unblasted Greens still Verdant grows,  
When *Summer* smiles, or the bleak *Winter* blows.  
Change is the Off-spring of Degenerate Fear,  
The Servile Badge that Coward Spirits bear :  
That abject Name brave *Ashurst* ever scorn'd.  
With Merits so Enrich'd, and so Adorn'd,  
Around Your Gates what thronging Crowds must wait,  
To hail You, Sir, to Your *Prætorian* State.  
Nor, 'mongst Your Worthier Homagers, disdain  
T' admit the humbler Muses in Your Train :  
So Rich a Mark for the whole Nine You stand,  
That Fertile Glebe, all the fair Muses Land.  
Besides, they wait You by 'a Domestick Claim,  
For Wit's the Herald to a Glorious Name,  
The Tributary Trump of Your Just Fame.  
We find the Notes, but You the Subject bring,  
Honour, that tunes the Musick which We sing.  
Thus whilst Our Garlands at Your Feet are thrown,  
The Roses and the Sweets are all Your own.